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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

NUMBER 1.

## POETRY.

[From the English Magazine.]

### ONE OF GOD'S HEROINES.

By the Author of "Clara Peggie's Diary."  
LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he  
lay down his life for his friends."

Only a sickly child! born deaf and dumb,  
A child of whom her very parents said,  
"Please God to take her to His heavenly home,  
For such as she can never earn her bread."

A helpless burden on their scanty store,  
Went crushed the sympathy which pity stirs;  
They felt the pressure of the cross she bore,  
And deemed their troubles heavier than hers.

Who knows how much the poor dumb creature  
grieved?  
Who knows how often those great, dreamy eyes  
Drank in the feeling, which, but faintly expressed,  
Made some hearts pity, and a few despise?

Who knows what bitterness 'twas hers to bear,  
Save He, who every grief can comprehend?  
To Him affliction is itself a prayer—  
A prayer He answered—sending her a friend.

All learned to love the Curate's gentle wife:  
She found a welcome at each cottage door,  
And heard the details of each rugged life  
With that quiet sympathy which wins the poor.

But most of all the poor dumb girl she sought,  
And shielding her alike from frown or sneer,  
By sweet, unobtrusive patience, nobly taught  
The few words, which made her meaning clear.

Then day by day, the Saviour's love was told,  
His free, full grace, by simple faith best won,  
Filling one heart with happiness untold,  
Gladdening the other by a good word done.

What wonder if, in Norah's grateful eyes,  
The gentle lady seemed her dark world's heav-  
en?  
Seemed as an angel wrapped in earth's disguise,  
Sent straight from God to point the way to  
heaven?

There is fever in the village! and the hard-worked  
Curate lies  
All unconscious of his peril, with Life trem-  
bling in Death's scale:  
Whilst his poor, pale wife sits watching with her  
faded, sunken eyes,  
And with broken prayer for mercy—for the  
strength which cannot fail.

"Oh! my father, spare him to me!" 'tis the cry  
of bitter pain,  
Then she strives to say more meekly, "As Thou  
wilt—Thy will be done."  
Then the weight of human sorrow comes with  
crushing force again,  
In the hall of human anguish—"Is there none  
to help—not one?"

Yes: the cry unheard is answered; there is Norah  
standing near,  
For the poor deaf-mute is faithful to the friend  
she loves so well:  
Others shun the house of fever, but her heart,  
her trust is here,  
With its wreath of loving gratitude too deep  
for words to tell.

Love supplies each missing power, love has quick-  
ened every sense,  
When the wife, worn out by trouble, would  
have sunk but for her care;  
Through long weary nights of watching, through  
long days of dread suspense,  
She who sowed the seeds of pity reaps the  
fruit the blossoms bear.

Then—the crisis past and over—with suspense,  
and dread, and fears,  
—All merged in hope and gladness by God's mer-  
ciful decree,  
'Tis the grateful wife who murmurs through a  
mist of blinding tears,  
'May God of healing hands, dear Norah, as your  
love has dealt with me."

God hath dealt gently with her! in His wisdom  
He knows best:  
And the fever's scorching fingers have but led  
the way to rest:

Wan from sickness—worn with watching both  
the Curate and his wife  
Tend—as parents tend their first-born—Norah's  
last few words of life.

'Tis no listful glare of fever which lights up the  
half-glazed eyes,  
But the light of Heaven streaming from the  
gates of Paradise!  
'Tis no sunlit of fevered vision which fills o'er the  
dying face,  
But the glorious gifts of freedom from the  
very throne of grace.

For the deaf-mute, deaf no longer, hears the  
courts of Heaven ring  
With the high triumphal anthems to the glory  
of the King!  
And the first fresh words of gladness which her  
unclouded lips can frame,  
Is the song of perfect blessedness she hath won  
in Jesus' name!

## STORE TELLER.

### ETHEL TREVOR'S PRIDE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"Carl Earls court, do you taunt me?  
Have I no self-respect, think you,  
no pride, simply because I am poor and  
owe you for a home and all these  
years of orphanage? Mock me no more  
with protestations of a love you cannot  
not feel."

How proud she was; this girl, Ethel  
Trevor; eyes, nose and lips all showed  
that; handsome, too, with warm,  
haughty Italian blood glowing in her  
cheeks, red lips, curling scornfully,  
and the dark eyes of her race looking  
out from under a broad brow framed  
with glossy, jet-black braids. She was

pace the richly carpeted floor, and her  
limbs, queenly form never showed  
to greater advantage than it did now,  
as she walked to and fro. What grace  
and elasticity there were in her limbs!  
With all her beauty of feature and ele-  
gance of form, she had, perhaps, a  
right to be proud.

The man stood with folded arms con-  
fronting her. Most women would not  
have waited to be asked twice to mar-  
ry Dr. Carl Earls court. Highly cul-  
tured and rich, and standing at the  
head of his profession, he was consid-  
ered by manœvering mammas the best  
catch by all odds in the market. His  
physical attractions were great. Tall  
and stately, with a face as regularly  
beautiful as a Greek statue, and a  
brown, healthy glow on his cheeks, he  
shamed all the pale, narrow-chested  
Adonises in the city. Very grave the  
noble face looked now, and the blue  
eyes rested with an expression of ming-  
led sternness and sadness on the girl  
who had so wronged him.

"And this is my reward for all these  
years of care and anxiety!" he exclaim-  
ed. "I have spared no expense in  
your education, treating you as a  
father might a child, and you repay  
me by deliberately trampling upon my  
heart's purest feeling. Such generosity  
well becomes your sex, but I had  
hoped something better from you,  
Ethel Trevor."

His calm, contemptuous tone, the  
imperious stateliness of his manner,  
irritated her beyond bounds. She  
stamped her pretty foot with anger,  
crying as she did so:

"Taunt me no more. Will you make  
me hate you? I know I owe you a debt  
I can never liquidate. You took me  
from the gutter, a naked, half-starved  
child. You reared and educated me  
as though I had been your own daugh-  
ter. Why did you do all this if you  
expected I should requite the debt to  
the utmost farthing?"

A withering smile of scorn and bit-  
terness distorted his Apollo-like fea-  
tures.

"You reason like a woman," he said,  
coldly. "I compliment your logic. I  
must confess myself that I cannot  
imagine why I should have meted out  
such kindness to you. Of course I  
knew what the returns would be."

"Doctor Earls court, you make me  
repent the day I ever entered your  
house," cried Ethel, fiercely. "I would  
rather have died in the street than to  
have lived to be taunted thus with in-  
gratitude. I will never eat another  
meal under your roof, no, never. I  
leave you from this hour. As I earn  
the money I will pay you for the ex-  
penses you have incurred on my ac-  
count."

"What can you do, child? You  
cannot earn your bread. There are a  
thousand girls just like you that can-  
not find work enough to do to pay for  
their lodging."

"I had forgotten to tell you, sir,  
that I have already secured a situation  
as a teacher in the academy. I never  
intended to remain here any longer  
after I could earn my own living."

"Ethel Trevor, your pride will ruin  
you. Why will you not listen to me?  
I love you; stay here and be the mis-  
tress of Earls court Hall."

His voice had lost its sternness, but  
the face was grave and passionless,  
only the eyes were full of shadowy  
splendor.

"No, no; you do not love me. It  
is only pity you feel for the orphan  
girl. I should scorn myself were I to  
accept a home by such a sacrifice. I  
will hear no more. To-morrow I  
leave here forever. I will no longer  
be a burden to you."

"Mark me, Ethel, you will regret  
the step. Have you not been happy  
here?"

His voice was low and musical, and  
vibrated with feeling. It touched a  
chord in her heart. Proud, passion-  
ate, as she was, the girl had a heart as  
tender as a child's. Tears started in  
her eyes, and she sprang forward and  
clasped his hands.

"My guardian, forgive me," she said,  
"let us not part in anger. All that I  
am I owe to you, and I have been very  
happy here. But do not urge me to  
remain, for I cannot receive any more  
favors from your hand."

"Proud girl, go," he said, putting  
away her hand. "You have no heart,  
or you would not wrong me thus.  
Leave me, I want you no longer here;  
but remember, when trials assail you  
in coming years and you wish a home,  
the doors of Earls court hall are open to  
you."

He walked away, stern and haughty,  
and the good angel was stilled again  
in Ethel Trevor's heart.

"He is as proud as I am," she  
thought, as she dashed the tears from  
her eyes, while a proud, defiant look  
flashed from that splendid face. "I  
will never come back here, no, never;  
and some day I may be as rich as he."

Ten years prior to this, Dr. Carl  
Earls court had found Ethel Trevor a  
wanderer in the streets of New York.  
Struck with her beauty, and sympa-  
thizing with her loneliness, he had  
taken her home and adopted her as  
his own child. He was rich and wife-  
less, and no expense was spared to

give the girl a superior education.  
And she learned easily. She possessed  
rare intellectual powers, and sought  
truth with avidity. At the examina-  
tion she had borne away the palm,  
and Carl Earls court, stern and grave,  
and twice her age, had felt, in that  
moment of her triumph, that the  
haughty, cultivated, self-poised girl of  
nineteen was the only woman he could  
ever love. The truth fell on him like  
a flash. And this was the end. Proud  
and sensitive, deeming that the rich,  
brilliant, cynical Dr. Earls court felt  
more of pity than of love, her haughty  
soul yet smarting with the sense of  
unrequited obligation, she refused him  
with all the scorn of an injured  
woman.

There were unshed tears in the eyes  
of Ethel when she left the grand house  
that had been her home so long, but  
she laid firm hold of her heart-strings,  
and no one could have known that  
the stately, dignified woman felt aught  
of weakness at the hour of parting.  
Dr. Earls court did not present him-  
self to bid her good-bye, and though it  
was easier to leave thus, the proud  
girl felt injured that he should not  
have recognized her position. And  
there was a regretful pang, too, in her  
heart at the thought that she had  
incensed the man to whom she was  
indebted for so much. Ah! and was  
there no other feeling working in that  
proud heart? Did she love or did  
she not love the grave, lonely man  
from whom she was estranged? Ethel  
hardly knew her own heart. She knew  
it better in the days to come.

Two years sped gently away. In  
that time Ethel Trevor had advanced  
far on her chosen path. Brave, ener-  
getic, brilliant, she made herself a  
name. From an assistant teacher she  
had risen to be the head of the sem-  
inary in which she taught. But she  
was more than a salaried teacher.  
There was a rising star in the literary  
world. Yes, Ethel Trevor had writ-  
ten books. The most cultivated think-  
ers were proud of her friendship. She  
was an honored guest in the most  
fashionable drawing-rooms.

She was happy now you think. Look  
at her now, as she stands by her win-  
dow, looking out upon the night. Do  
those restless, gloomy, searching eyes  
betoken peace of mind? Does that  
perplexed, frowning brow speak of a  
heart at rest? Ethel Trevor has won  
fame, she is rich and courted, but she  
is not satisfied.

She has met her former guardian  
but seldom since the time of their en-  
strangement. He was graver, sterner  
than ever, and Ethel's heart felt a  
touch of remorse as she saw the gray  
among the dark locks clustering upon  
the noble brow. But the old pride  
came to her aid, and she banished the  
thought, silencing the better part of  
her nature by fierce, unceasing activ-  
ity. Her labors were brought to a  
sudden halt at last.

Yellow fever in its most malignant  
type was striding through the city.  
Various means were devised by the  
board of health to arrest the advanc-  
ing evil, but the fatality increased in  
spite of all their labors. All ages and  
classes were assailed, and the colos-  
sal evil entered every precinct. Whole  
families were stricken down in a day.  
All who were able left the city, but  
the exodus was limited by impossibil-  
ity.

Ethel stayed, lured by some mal-  
lignant spell, and for a long time re-  
sisted the disease, but one sultry Au-  
gust day she felt the burning fever  
upon her. In a few hours she was  
delirious, and from that instant knew  
nothing till she awoke and saw Dr.  
Earls court bending over her.

"How long have I been ill?" she  
asked, after the first surprise.

"Ask no questions, child. You are  
safe, but you need sleep and rest."

She obeyed, and soon a drowsiness  
fell upon her and she slept. She was  
saved from that hour. In a few days  
she was convalescent, and the color  
came to the pale cheek once more.  
She learned that she had been sick a  
fortnight, dangerously sick, and that  
Dr. Earls court's skill was the only thing  
that saved her. What did she owe to  
that man? Yet that pride, the bane  
of her life, rose up against him.

"He cares not for me," she thought,  
"he is in love with his profession."  
Why should I care for his attention?  
He would have done the same for the  
humblest maid in the poor house."

So Ethel steeled her heart and went  
about her labor as serenely apparently  
as if Carl Earls court had never existed.

He called to see her one evening as  
she was busy with her pen, coming in  
in his old way, stately but with the  
grace of an Antinous. Ethel felt her  
heart give a wild leap as she heard  
his step, and she looked up with a  
slightly flushed face to meet his ear-  
nest gaze.

"Ah, Ethel," he said, and his voice  
was very fascinating, though slightly  
tinged with reserve. "So you are at  
your labors again, but I must admon-  
ish you to be careful and not overwork  
yourself. I should not care to spend  
a week again to grasp you from the  
grave. You are not as strong as you  
should be."

"Dr. Earls court, why did you not  
let me die?" she cried, yielding at once  
to the feeling that possessed her. "I  
did not want to live. What right had  
you to step in between death and me?"  
"Child, I saved you for myself, I sav-  
ed you because you are not prepared  
to die. You have been leading an un-  
happy life. I have read your very  
soul, child, in your published pages.  
All its griefs and yearnings were dis-  
closed therein as freely as though  
you had opened your heart to me.  
Ethel, you love me, deny it not."

"I do deny it, sir," she cried, com-  
ing to the battle shock with all her  
old spirit. "You are nothing to me.  
I know not as I have a heart. If I  
have it is ice, all ice."

"Ethel, it is your pride, your stub-  
born pride, that keeps you from ac-  
knowledging the truth. Listen to the  
dictates of your conscience. Your  
life, all that you are, you owe to me.  
Remember the debt is no small one,  
yet you can easily liquidate it."

His condescending air, the vaunt-  
ing in his tone, incensed her more  
than she could have wished.  
"Why are you so unjust? The last  
time we met you upbraided me with  
ingratitude, and you have not yet for-  
gotten to taunt and sneer. All you  
have done was done voluntarily, and I  
have paid a fair remuneration for all  
services."

"Ethel, I ask more," and his whole  
face lighted up and the fine mouth  
trembled. "I have loved you for long  
dreary months. Child, why will you  
not give me your heart?"  
"Because I should be miserable as  
your wife. Our marriage would be a  
mockery. You know not what love is.  
You miss my presence and am lonely,  
but that is not love. You pity my  
helplessness and deem that I need a  
masculine arm for support. I thank  
you for your care, but I shall not  
marry for gratitude. I respect you  
as a protector. You are my dearest  
friend. I never can forget what you  
have done, but your wife I will never  
be."

A shadow crept upon his face. The  
lips curved with a smile of contempt.  
"You are chasing a shadow. Ethel,  
I read your proud heart. You will  
not bend to me because you deem I  
think myself a greater. Your ambi-  
tious soul aspires to loftier heights.  
But I am done, Ethel, I see that you  
will never bow your heart to mine. I  
leave you and shall never trouble you  
more. I had hoped that you would  
forget the past, but I was mistaken.  
Pride and ambition are sorry victuals  
to a hungry soul you will find one of  
these days, but it will be too late.  
Even I cannot save you then."

"Oh, my guardian," she cried, when  
he was gone, "you have wronged me,  
bitterly wronged me. He knows not  
that I love him, that he is all I have,  
and now he has left me never to  
trouble me more. Ah! will he never  
come to see me again? I would give  
my life for that man's smile. Oh, what  
do I hear?"

There was a sharp cry, a loud tu-  
mult in the street, and Ethel, looking  
forth, saw a wrecked carriage and a  
horse frantically careering and strug-  
gling in the hands of half a dozen men.  
And that was not all she saw. Whose  
was that limp, senseless form, blood-  
stained and dirt-covered, that they  
were bearing into her very door?

Where was the beauty, the stateliness  
that had once been the pride of Carl  
Earls court? Could it have ever been  
possessed by that mangled, death-like  
form?

Shrieking, "It is Carl! he is dead,  
he is dead!" Ethel darted madly down  
the stairs. She learned the story in  
a few words. His horse had been  
frightened by the crack of a torpedo,  
and dashing wildly down the street,  
crushed the carriage against a side  
post. The doctor was thrown out by  
the shock, and had been picked up for  
dead.

But Carl Earls court was not destin-  
ed to die that time, though it was  
weeks before he walked the streets  
again. Ethel was his nurse through  
it, and scarcely left his side. Her  
presence had been greeted by the  
doctor with a look of surprise, but he  
said nothing, and gladly submitted  
himself to her care. But one day,  
when he was able to hobble about  
with a crutch, he spoke.

"Ethel," he said, "taking a sum of  
money from his purse and placing it  
in her hand, 'here is your compensa-  
tion for your care and toil during my  
confinement. I am under obligations  
to you for all your kindness, but I can  
dispense with your services now. I  
have sent a servant for a carriage, and  
I will leave your house as soon as it  
arrives."

Ethel gazed at him a moment, and  
then, with a low cry, sprang forward  
and grasped his hand.

"Forgive me, Carl! oh, forgive me,  
and let me go with you if you must go,  
for I love you."

"Mine at last! Oh, Ethel, all this  
happiness might have been ours years  
ago if you had only willed it. Ethel,  
Ethel, my loved one, never let this  
pride come between us again."  
"I never will, I never will," she sob-  
bed, "for I love you too well. And now  
you will forgive me, Carl?"  
"Now and forever, dear one, and  
we will be happy at last. The joy of  
this hour shall banish all remembrance  
of the past."

## OBITUARY.

[From the Michigan City Enterprise.]

On Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, 1878,  
in this city, William R. Bowes died at  
the age of 54 years.

William R. Bowes came to this city  
in 1844 with his father, the late Major  
John R. Bowes, who was U. S. Engin-  
eer in charge of Harbor construction  
at this point. He was a student of  
Kenyon College, Ohio, and classmate  
of President Hayes. For two years  
he was assistant engineer on harbor.  
In 1847 he embarked in the mercantile  
business as junior partner in the firm  
of Bowes, Noyes & Co. He was in  
law practice at a later date and until  
the year 1857. He served as assistant  
Secretary to the Constitutional Con-  
vention in 1852. In 1854 and 1856  
he was principal clerk of the House  
of Representatives. Appointed Sec-  
retary of the Northern Superintend-  
ency of Indian Affairs, he went to St.  
Paul, Minn., in 1857, residing there  
four years. For two years during the  
war he was assistant quartermaster  
at Trenton, N. J. Under President  
Johnson, he was for two years special  
mail agent for the State of Indiana.  
For the past few years his attention  
was turned mainly to railroad busi-  
ness, having been interested in the  
Texas and Southern Pacific, Trustee,  
and agent for sale of land-grant of  
the Port Huron and Lake Michigan  
road, and also had an interest in and  
was Secretary of the Chicago and  
Northwestern Railroad. His was an  
active, and bustling life, and few men  
enjoyed more extensive acquaintance  
with prominent business and political  
men than the subject of this brief and  
hasty notice. Of excellent address  
and prepossessing manner, his exten-  
sive knowledge of public men, especial-  
ly at the National Capital, had enabled  
him to render great and valuable ser-  
vices to the local interests of his city  
and State—services which will be long  
held in grateful remembrance by our  
citizens.

The funeral services were held in  
Trinity Church on Wednesday after-  
noon, at 2 o'clock p. m., Bishop Tal-  
bot officiating. A crowded church  
attested the deep and general sym-  
pathy of the bereaved family. The floral  
offerings of relatives and friends—  
those touching mementoes for loved  
ones gone before—were especially ap-  
propriate and beautiful. Upon the  
coffin were wheat and smilax; and  
near were a pillow, cross, and crown,  
with the words "Our Brother at Rest,"  
in purple immortelles. In the chan-  
cel window were an anchor, star in  
crescent, and harp.

[The deceased was the oldest brother  
of Edwin N. Bowes, formerly of Bos-  
ton, but now a resident of Michigan  
City.—Ed.]

WHY SHE PLANTED ROSES.—A black-  
smith had in his possession, but under  
mortgage, a house and piece of land.  
Like many others, he was at one time  
fond of the social glass, but was hap-  
pily induced by a friend to join the tem-  
perance society. About three months  
after he observed his wife one morn-  
ing busily employed planting rose  
bushes and fruit trees. "Mary," said  
he, "I have owned this lot for five  
years, and yet I have never known you  
to care to improve it in this manner."  
"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I  
had no heart to do it until you gave  
up the drink. I had often thought of  
it before, but I was persuaded should  
I do it, some strangers would pluck  
the roses, and eat the fruit. Now, with  
God's blessing, this cot will be ours  
and we and our children may expect  
to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck  
the roses and eat the fruit." And they  
did.

WHEN death strikes down the inno-  
cent and young, for every fragile form  
from which he sets the panting spirit  
free, a hundred virtues rise in shapes  
of mercy, charity and love to walk the  
world and bless it. Of every tear that  
sorrowing mortals shed on such green  
graves some good is born, some gentler  
nature comes.—Dickens.

The New York Tribune says: Chief-  
justice Chase a year or so before his  
death is said to have gone with Mr.  
Evarts to hear Dr. John Hall preach.  
He asked the New Yorker, afterward,  
the secret of the profound impression  
produced by the preacher, "It is," said  
Mr. Evarts, "his perfect simplicity, and  
the fixed character of the man behind,  
and transfixing it all."

Be willing to want what God is wil-  
ling to give.

## THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of the Com-  
mittee was held on Monday, 11th No-  
vember. Messrs. Duff, Clegg, Strath-  
ern and the Secretary, were present  
in person, and written communica-  
tions were received from the Rev.  
Samuel Smith, Messrs. W. J. Hansell,  
and Henry Lund. Alexander M. Duff,  
Esq., presided.

The Secretary reported that no ap-  
plication in answer to the advertise-  
ment in the October *Deaf and Dumb  
Magazine* had been received. The  
Committee then proceeded to recon-  
sider the application from Mr. Austin  
H. Clarke, to have his name placed on  
the roll of certificated missionaries.  
Three of the members of the Com-  
mittee having had an opportunity of



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday, it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.50  
Clubs of ten, 12.50  
If not paid within six months, 1.25  
These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.  
COSTLY TERMS, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is its "Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of its deceased subscribers. The plan, briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and continuing a regular paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietor and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st), to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL, thus: If the subscriber list of the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 3,000 subscribers, \$750, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sums shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled inducement to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This Auxiliary plan is no "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons.

Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

THE undersigned, a resident of \_\_\_\_\_ county, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary."

For the benefit of \_\_\_\_\_ Subscriber.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE JOURNAL FOR 1879.

With our last week's number we completed volume 7th of the JOURNAL. With this number we begin volume 8th.

During the past year many have patronized our paper, and done nobly towards aiding in its support, but our lists are not yet swollen to the number which they should, and we urge upon all who desire to place the paper upon a permanent basis to show liberality in patronage and help in extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. Some who had heard little or nothing concerning our paper have, nevertheless, sent in their subscriptions; others who have been introduced to the paper through the efforts of agents and old subscribers have been induced to join the ranks. This, as far as it goes, is encouraging, but extra efforts on the part of agents, and other friends of the JOURNAL, are needed to help swell the lists to much larger proportions.

It is unnecessary to repeat the oft-asserted fact that the JOURNAL is the best and also most expensive (to the publisher) of any deaf-mute paper in the world, and none who read its columns from week to week will but admit that it is deserving of liberal support. We hope to receive large accessions to our names of new subscribers this year, and prompt renewals of all old subscribers.

It is hoped that those in the habit of borrowing copies of the JOURNAL from week to week of their friends and neighbors will "turn over a new leaf" by subscribing for it themselves—thus proving their own independence and keeping the editor from starvation.

Every deaf-mute family needs and should have the JOURNAL, and there is no deaf-mute publication in which a better investment for subscriptions can possibly be made. Be wise, therefore, and renew promptly if you are an old subscriber. If you have not been a subscriber heretofore, copy after the example of wisdom displayed by many who have, and invest a small sum of money where it pays better than any principal at compound interest. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The price of the JOURNAL remains as in the past: \$1.50 (post-paid) per year; 75 cents for six months. Remit by post-office money orders or registered letters.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The year of grace 1878 is at an end. Its days have been full of stirring events, many of them of remarkable prominence. Important scenes have been witnessed and many great deeds have been accomplished; great good has been performed, and no small amount of evil and crime have likewise been enacted; but we may certainly hope that, if weighed in the balance, the good outweighs the evil.

This age is one of progress. Keeping pace with the times, good men are striving to elevate the standard of morality throughout the world; evil men are also busy trying to counteract the former's good works; but we cannot but think that the general results have converged towards a focal point of progressive goodness.

The year 1879 steals in upon us like a thief in the night, but for a nobler purpose—to make us better, not to leave us worse. The past year brought us many blessings, and displayed to us our great mercies; let us hope that this year will be no less characterized by the good it brings to humanity.

To our friends we tender our thanks for their assistance during the past years of the JOURNAL's existence, and hope for its continuance during the present year, and to all we wish a happy New Year.

A WORTHY PRINCIPAL GONE.

We were greatly surprised to receive from our Hartford correspondent, last Saturday night, the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Edward C. Stone, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn. Through correspondence which we had from time to time with him we had learned to respect and love him, and felt sure that he was the right man in his position, which, we think, it will be very difficult to fill with the qualifications he possessed. It is but a few years since his father, then principal of the same institution, met his death by an accident of which our readers have already been informed. Now father and son, both principals of the oldest institution in the Union, whose places they had filled to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, are gone, one after the other. Our correspondent gives rather a detailed account of Mr. E. C. Stone's death, which is published elsewhere, and we need not dwell further on the contents. That correspondence would have appeared in our last week's paper had our mails not been irregular on account of the prolonged snow storms which prevailed during the past several days.

We tender our deepest sympathies to the family and relatives of the deceased in their double loss of a son and father.

DELAYED JOURNALS.

Our last week's paper was a long time in reaching the larger portion of our subscribers, and doubtless many readers wondered why their JOURNALS reached them so long after publication day. A few words only are needed to explain the mystery. The paper was out of the press on good time and mailed on as good time, but on account of the snow blockade on the railroad, no trains were moving on the Oswego and Rome Railroad, and outward bound mails from here had to remain in our post-office till Saturday afternoon, when the first train left here for Oswego. Of course we could not control the weather.

JOB TURNER SNOW-BOUND.

Prof. Job Turner was expected here to make us a short visit on or about Christmas. He reached Syracuse a week ago last Saturday, and stopped to visit there a few days. While there the recent great snow storm came on, trains had to stop running on the Syracuse Northern Railroad, travel was, of course, interrupted, and Mr. Turner, like many another luckless traveler, was "stalled" and could, for the present, proceed no farther hitherward—very much to our disappointment. The roads are now open, trains and travel are resumed, and we hope to see friend Turner put in his appearance either to-day or to-morrow.

A little Portland girl recently testified, innocently, to the life of drudgery experienced by the average "queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked her if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cures Liver and Kidney Diseases and all Urinary Complaints.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

DECEMBER 19th all were reported well at the Kansas Institution.

THE Board of Trustees of the Kansas Institution held the next quarterly meeting January 4th. Louis C. Bowles, son of the superintendent of the Kansas Institution, is at home from college spending a vacation.

CHRISTMAS business for the pupils lately called the matron and two teachers of the Kansas Institution to Kansas City.

For a few days previous to Christmas almost every mail carried presents to some of the pupils of the Kansas Institution.

THE thermometer indicated eight degrees below zero at the Kansas Institution on the 17th inst. A lack of water only prevented good skating.

MR. Desrochers, who was discharged from the New York Institution some ten years ago, is now working in a woolen mill in Pawtucket, R. I., a few miles from Providence. He has a wife.

A pupil at the deaf and dumb institution, in Paris, once being asked "What is eternity?" replied, with a quickness and force of conception rarely equaled, "It is the life-time of the Almighty."

THE Kansas Star denies the "soft impeachment" in regard to the Kansas Institution having a "pup" named "Ben Butler." The namesake of the illustrious Ben probably belongs to some other institution.

MR. Dupres, once a pupil of the Montreal Catholic Institution, has gone to Lowell, Mass., to fill a place which was given him. He does not understand the English language, but is well educated in French.

THE Star reported that snow fell at Olathe, Kan., to the depth of 25 inches on Saturday, December 14th—a very severe snow for Kansas—and the boys immediately went to making sleds, with which to utilize the snow.

OR all the tables, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, the New York Institution likes to work at addition the most, inasmuch as it has made another addition, it being a new picket fence about 12 feet high.

THE mutes, ten in number, are progressing very well in Western, R. I. They have secured a good room, where they meet every Wednesday and Saturday evening. They have a debate once a week, which is well attended.

HENRY D. Stillman, formerly connected with the American Asylum, and son of one of the most distinguished doctors of that place, is doing well in Cumberland Hill, R. I. He is well known among the ladies for his skill in dancing.

A Rhode Island correspondent writes: "Robert King, of Cincinnati, O., claims to have run 100 yards in 9½ seconds. Mr. McFall, of the New York Institution, whose time is splendid, will probably be glad to accept a challenge from him. What say you 'Rob'?"

A rumor is afloat among the 1,500 operatives in the Blackstone cotton mill that Miss Margaret Quinn, now a pupil at the American Asylum, will be a teacher in two years. They take a deep interest in her because she was born in Blackstone. She now belongs in Fall River, Mass.

H. C. Mennan, of Mount Jackson, Pa., says he lately took a pleasant trip to Pittsburgh, enjoying his trip very much and also his visit among his friends. While in Pittsburgh he had the pleasure of attending one of Rev. A. W. Mann's services for the deaf and dumb.

FIFTY-six pairs of shoes, manufactured at the Kansas Institution shoe shop, were lately sent to the Minnesota Asylum for the Insane.—*Journal*.

In error again. We said "Oswatimie Asylum for the Insane," in this State.—*Star*. [Thanks for putting us on the right track.—ED. JOURNAL.]

PUCK & Welch, of Olathe, Kan., have contracted to furnish meat for one year, commencing January 1st, 1879, to the Kansas Institution at the following rates: Beef steak, 7 cents per pound; beef roast, 6½ cents; corned beef, 5½ cents; and 10 per cent discount below market price on all other meats.

A few weeks ago James H. MacMeichen, of Wheeling, W. Va., visited the Illinois Institution, and enjoyed the visit very much. He then went to Alton and spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Darnielle, deaf-mutes. On the 30th of November he went to St. Louis, where he will stay until spring with his brother, step-sister, and two nieces.

MR. George Legg, a deaf-mute, who works in the Patent office, gave quite a terse and interesting lecture on "Finance" to three nuns. In the course of his remarks, he alluded to the present business depression, which he said resulted from the enormous contraction of the currency, commenced a few years previous to 1873; said that it was impossible to have a gold basis in this country, which owed more money than there was in the world, and consequently a gold basis meant simply the means by which the "gold sharks" might enrich themselves on the wealth of the nation.

A New York correspondent writes: Notwithstanding the Fanwood Athletic Club of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has as many or more speaking members than deaf-mute, the latter, especially those of the High Class, of which I had the honor of being a member, are best in almost every thing. One of them named Michael McFall, now the champion runner, not only of the said club, but also of the United States, of his class, I dare say is credited with having won more than 12 medals, most of which are gold ones with only a few bronze medals. Only a few weeks ago he won two more trophies, in the form of two gold medals, in the games of the S. A. C. C. one in a 100-yards dash and the other in sending a shot (36 pounds) 36½ feet, his actual throw being 30½ feet, handicap, or allowance of 6 feet. It is a very good distance for one so small as he is, being only a little over 5 feet in height. Mr. W. A. Emmons is a very promising member. He was once the champion long-distance runner and high jumper, and, if I am not mistaken, he retains the championship of the last two still. They have both placed their records among the best runners of this country, and it is not improbable that one or the other of them will some day be the champion runner of this country. They both intend to compete in the game, perhaps in the 75-yards "Special Race" at Gilmore's Garden, under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, which will transpire on Friday and Saturday evenings, January 3d and 4th. If either of them don't win a medal then they will, no doubt, have made very creditable time in their heat or heats. I remember a time when some of the speaking members of the above-named club of the New York Institution laughed at the thought of a deaf-mute being able to run 100 yards in 11 seconds. They seemed to think that their deafness interfered with their running very fast. That is a silly opinion. Deaf-mutes have as good legs as hearing persons, and, in some cases, better. Now, as several of the mutes have run 100 yards in less than 11 seconds, which none of those speaking members of the club connected with the New York Institution can do, it is their (the deaf-mutes) turn to laugh at them.

## Local Paragraphs.

Weather milder and more pleasant. Harry Webb is visiting friends at Skaneateles.

C. L. Griffith and Chetty were in Syracuse last Monday.

The funeral of Mrs. Elihu Washburn is postponed till Thursday.

Carl Stone, who is teaching at Sing Sing, is at home for a few days.

Miss Mary French, of Syracuse University, is at home spending vacation.

Miss Ruth Pepper is sick, and has been quite unwell for several months.

Mrs. Hiram Kenyon, who has long been sick, is said to still remain unimproved.

The sale of Christmas presents was curtailed considerably last week by the big storm.

Miss Emma Beebe and also Mrs. Lucia Hosmer have been quite sick for some time past.

Mrs. Elihu Washburn, who has been sick for a long time, died last Friday morning.

A train from the East last Saturday night brought the first mail received here since Monday evening.

George Webb, of New York, was in town a few days last week. He returned to New York last Saturday night by way of Oswego.

A large number of men and boys enjoyed much sport last Friday while witnessing the clearing of the railroad track by snow plows.

The funeral of L. H. Conklin, which was to have been held on Friday last week, was postponed till to-day (Tuesday) on account of the storm.

The most of the greatest of admirers of the "beautiful" hereabouts were favored with a sufficiency of that commodity during last week's storm.

Rev. J. R. Lewis, lately called from Boonville by the Presbyterian society of this village, will preach his first pastoral sermon here next Sunday morning.

The academy students had a vacation Christmas day and the remainder of last week, but we are informed that they will not suspend on account of New Years.

Edward Stevens went to Schenectady last Monday. Mrs. Stevens has been there visiting friends during the past two or three weeks. They will stay there some time, and perhaps will not return till spring.

Mr. Simeon Parkhurst, who intended to have gone to Chicago last week, was obliged to postpone his trip for a few days on account of the railroads being blocked, he started on his journey last Monday.

The train from Richland Junction which became stalled at Mexico station Tuesday night, the 24th, had to remain here till last Saturday afternoon, the 28th, when, the track having been cleared, it went through to Oswego.

Nicholas Knight, of Syracuse University, is at home in this village spending part of his vacation. As the deep snow on the Syracuse Northern Railroad stopped the trains for a few days, he walked from Central Square.

"Jim" Smith, who has been home from Chicago on a visit for some time past, left on his return to that city last Monday, accompanied by his mother. Mrs. Smith will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. W. Moyer, in Chicago, and with her son, John Y. Smith, in Iowa.

Street Commissioner S. R. Spooner has had considerable business on his hands lately while making the walks as passable as possible, and George Kenyon's horses have had a great deal of heavy scraping. The streets also have needed considerable attention within the past few days.

For several days last week no teams from out of town were able to get to the village, and but few people could get here on foot, owing to the deep snow and badly drifted roads; indeed our streets had a very deserted appearance, and great was the rejoicing in town when communication was again open with the outside world.

At a regular meeting of the Guiding Star Camp of Rechabites, held in this village Friday evening, December 27th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. B. Stone, S. P. C.; A. N. Benedict, S. C.; H. C. Plumley, S. V. C.; George Tubbs, S. R.; J. H. Gass, S. T.; W. A. Robbins, S. Ch.; William Gustin, S. C. of G.; J. H. Alfred, S. I. S.; A. Hollister, S. O. S.

Notwithstanding the so-called hard times, and the terrible snow storm on Christmas Eve and Christmas day, Santa Claus did not postpone his annual visit to Mexico, but worked his way through the blinding storm and badly drifted roads, called at nearly, if not every, house in town, and made the hearts of the young and the old happy. Though the elements were wild and frantic, at many firesides there was much joy and sunshine.

Rev. T. A. Weed, of Scottsville, and formerly a resident here, was snowed in while himself and wife were recently visiting in this vicinity, and had to prolong the visit for a few days, at which their many friends felt far from being displeased. Being unable to reach home to supply his own pulpit last Sunday, Mr. Weed yielded to the pressing invitation and preached in the Presbyterian Church of this village morning and evening. Both sermons were deeply interesting, and the services were well attended considering the bad condition of the roads.

## MR. EDWARD C. STONE.

DEAR MR. RIDER:—I was profoundly impressed with thoughts and emotions in relation to the shortness and uncertainty of human life as I read the notice of the death of Mr. E. C. Stone, the Principal of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes in Hartford, Conn.

On Monday evening, Dec. 9th, we had a service in the interests of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" in Trinity Church, Hartford. It was a very stormy evening, and but few were present. I was surprised and gratified to see Mr. Stone in the congregation. I interpreted the service as read by the Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Nichols. When I made my oral address in relation to our mission, Mr. Stone very kindly responded to my invitation and interpreted for my deaf-mute friends. After service I returned to the Institution, where I spent the night. Mr. Stone came to the parlor and we had a very pleasant conversation. I congratulated him on the recent birth of a son, and he seemed in the best of health and spirits. But within two weeks he passed on to the mysteries of the future life. In this sudden death, the profession to which he had devoted himself with so much earnestness and fidelity, loses a most valuable member.

Yours sincerely,  
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

## RESOLUTIONS RESPECTING THE DEATH OF EDWARD C. STONE.

WHEREAS God in His mercy and wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst Edward C. Stone, the friend and benefactor of deaf-mutes,

AND WHEREAS we, the students, from the Hartford and Wisconsin Institutions, who have felt the influence of his mild but effective way, either as principal or teacher, desire to render a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased, and to offer our sincere sympathy to his afflicted family, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Edward C. Stone the deaf-mutes, not only of New England, but all over of their best friends and supporters.

Resolved, That his efforts in the cause of deaf-mute instruction entitle him to a high place among the benefactors of mankind.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, in the hope that they will be comforted in the thought that their sorrow is shared by the class of people to whose moral advancement he has given the best part of his life.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Daily News of Hartford*, the *JOURNAL*, and the *Wisconsin Press*.

W. N. Sparrow, }  
Harry White, } New Eng-  
A. S. Tafts, } land.  
R. N. Parsons, }  
W. E. White, }  
L. M. Lathrop, } Wiscon-  
Harry Reed, } sin.

## THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The discussion in your columns regarding the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, and the opposition on the part of the New York Institution, call up in my memory something similar dating back half a century. I would suggest to the principal and teachers of the New York Institution to search their archives for the annual report for the year 1827, 1828, or 1829. In that report Mr. Looftborow, the then principal, gave to an amount of jealousy and malice against the Hartford school that excited my wonder. I could not comprehend how the head of a professedly benevolent institution could be so bitter against another engaged in the same cause and in no way interfering with his. My conclusion was that he was a man of narrow intellect and small soul. So many years have passed that the probability is that he has departed from earth; and, if so, I fancy the chief of the infernal regions must apply a pretty powerful magnifying glass to get sight of his shape or shadow.

The opposition of the New York Institution to the national college is equally incomprehensible, save on the same ground as in the time of Looftborow. I have known of this adverse feeling for years, and always, whenever the subject came to my mind in any way, Looftborow and his folly came likewise. This opposition has become monotonous. It ever reminds me of the fox and the sour grapes. Is it not time to turn over a new leaf, to take a more enlarged view, and to consider the fact that an education is never finished until death ends the thread of life? Even if the New York Institution is, as it claims, equal to the college, which I much doubt, it is a poor argument for the New York graduates to avoid entering the latter. Many an American college student, after graduating, travels in Europe or spends one, two, or more years in some European university in furtherance of his education. If the powers that be in New York cannot comprehend the importance of the matter, or are unwilling to drop their conceit and regard as paramount the good of their pupils, then the latter should put their own judgment to use and decide for themselves. Certainly there is no law, human or divine, to the contrary. The principal and teachers may retain their present position twenty years. In the nature of things, death or age will take them off about that time, while their pupils have a chance of thirty years beyond or fifty in all. It does not look well, this allowing Looftborow to repeat himself in his successors.

E. BOOTH.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 48-1y

## MIXED NEWS FROM NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please let me write about Newark mutes, as I see that no one else does for your paper. I am willing to give you all the news of them that I saw and heard, with my friends' permission.

Mr. Welch, of Boston, came to visit in Williamantic, and came to see Mr. Allen in his shop, finding him busy repairing boots and shoes. He threw his coat off, rolled up his sleeves, and repaired them in earnest. Mr. Allen and his wife were much pleased with him, for his being so free-hearted and so gentlemanly in his manners.

Mr. Woodward, speaking, wife of Mr. Joseph Woodward, mute, of Williamantic, died of old age. She was truly a Christian, and died easily in Christ, two weeks ago.

Mr. Woodward worked in South Windham as a machinist, 2 miles from Williamantic. He walked home on the railroad track, after six o'clock, after the trains had gone by, about 25 years ago. At last he was walking on the track on the way home, a little earlier, thinking the trains had gone before. The trains came whistling for him to get off the track, but in vain; he was run over and killed. He had two sons, living now. One is a clerk in a clothing store in Hartford, and the other one is living in Enfield, and is on his farm.

Mrs. Sarah Bennet, nee Allen, wife of Mr. John Bennet, came to Newark to visit her sister, Mrs. Housell, nee Allen. Both are graduates of the American Asylum. She stayed with her several days.

Mrs. C. Montfort returned to Newark from Connecticut and Massachusetts. She had a long visit. She lives with her brother, Ed. Patten, assistant editor of the *New York World*, a few blocks from Mrs. Housell's. She called to see her and was surprised to see some deaf-mutes, who often call as Mrs. Housell is a very intelligent and interesting lady. They stayed late, and then went home. Mrs. Bennet lives in two mountains, at Livingston, 8 miles from Newark, 2½ miles from the farm of the lamented Mr. J. R. Burnett.

A laughable story was told in the circle of Mrs. H. about Mrs. B's cat. Her oldest son, Charlie, came home from a distance, where he worked. Hearing the distressed cry somewhere near the house, he listened, and found the noise came up from the well, and descended to get the half-drowned cat. His sister wrapped it with rags, and put it under the stove. By and by the cat was all right. Two days after the cat was grateful for her escape from drowning, and caught a hare and brought it into the cellar early in the morning. The sister heard the fighting and the squeaking in the cellar, told Mr. Bennet of it, and he went down to see what was the matter, and found the hare alive. Mr. B. killed it and his wife cooked it. It was splendid to the taste.

Miss Mamie Baldwin, of Bloomfield, N. J., died last month, after a long sickness.

The youngest daughter (speaking) of Mrs. Housell was sick with diphtheria, in its worst form, last month. She had the closest attention of her doctor and her mother, and recovered. Mrs. H. was lucky, for many died of it in the neighborhood. A lady lost two children at one time near her place.

Mr. William Pierson, a graduate of the Columbus Institution, in Ohio, is an assistant baker for Mr. W. Titus. He has been doing so faithfully for two years, and attends the gas business. He is trusted in his employer's house, in the bakery, and the stable, where the cows are kept.

The next service for deaf-mutes in the sign-language will be held in Trinity chapel, Belleville avenue, head of Clark street, Newark, on the 5th of next month, at 4 o'clock, by Rev. Dr. G. C. Pennell.

Yours respectfully,  
WINNEVER.

## URANINE.

This is the most recently discovered, and perhaps the most remarkable, of all the coal tar or aniline group of coloring substances, now so extensively used for the adornment of the finest fabrics. Uranine is said, by chemists, to be the most highly fluorescent body known to science. Its coloring power is astonishing; a single grain will impart a marked color to nearly five hundred gallons of water.

A most interesting experiment, which anybody may try, consists in sprinkling a few atoms of Uranine upon the surface of water in a glass tumbler. Each atom immediately sends down through the water what appears to be a bright green rootlet; and the tumbler soon looks as if it were crowded full of beautiful plants. The rootlets now begin to enlarge, spread and combine, until we have a mass of soft green-colored liquid. Viewed by transmitted light, the color changes to a bright golden or amber hue; while a combination of green and gold will be realized, according to the position in which the glass is held. For day or evening experiment nothing can be prettier than these trials of Uranine which are especially entertaining for the young folks. We are indebted for examples of the color to the editors of the *Scientific American*, who are sending out specimens, free of charge, to all their readers. The subscription to the paper is \$3.20 for a year, or \$1.60 half a year, and a better investment for the money could hardly be named.

Any place where the mind of man can be undisturbed is suitable for the worship of the Supreme Being.



# DEATH OF E. C. STONE, PRINCIPAL OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM.

HARTFORD, Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sabbath morning, December 22d, dawned clear and bright, nature was enshrouded in a mantle of pure white, and, being the last Sabbath prior to Christmas, every person should rejoice and be glad. While so much expectation is at hand, who knows what will happen in an hour or in a day? As the writer trod over the slippery walks, so rendered by the previous night's rain, his thoughts wandered towards the American Asylum; expecting good tidings from Mr. Stone, the principal. Alas! it was not as he had expected; what was heralded was the death of our much loved principal.

Mr. Stone was taken ill on the 12th inst. His case was not regarded at first serious, but a stealthy disease (erysipelas) crept in and his face was swollen. The services of the best physicians were employed, and very careful and skilled nurses were on hand. Day after day the disease grew alarming, and baffled the skill of the best medical attendants. The mind of the patient was unsettled, and at last he settled into a state of unconsciousness.

Thursday evening a ray of consciousness glimmered, and the patient, feeling that he had almost reached his journey's end, produced the following message to the deaf-mute pupils in his charge: "Tell them to love God, love the Bible, and try to live as God would have them live, and God will take care of them. I have always been among the deaf-mutes, and always loved them. I have been glad to devote my life to them. I love them all." He bade farewell to all; first to his own family, to the pupils, and teachers, and the servants were not forgotten. Though said to be declining, he survived till Saturday evening, when he expired at quarter past eight o'clock.

Professor D. E. Bartlett officiated in the forenoon on Sabbath. The speaker said that the deprivation of our principal, to whom we were endeared, seemed to him a mystery. He is old and the deceased was in the prime of life. He was expected to end his life's journey first, but God has permitted him to remain. He said that Mr. Stone had been doing much for the benefit of the deaf-mutes, while in office, and had shown a faithful yet humble life. He asked us if we should praise the Lord in our affliction. "Yes" was the response. Accordingly all stood up, repeating the doxology. After prayer he gave us a discourse on the mystery of God's providential dispensations. His selections from scripture were from I Samuel III; 18—"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good;" Job I: 21—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" Amos IV: 12—"Prepare to meet thy God." The subject of the whole discourse was "Submission to God." It was very appropriate to the occasion, and the application was well made. The address was associated with an eulogy upon the deceased.

The late Edward C. Stone was born and lived among the deaf-mutes. He joined them in their sports, and partook of their merriment. Having graduated from Yale College with honor, he followed the footsteps of his father, the late Collins Stone, and became a teacher of the deaf and dumb in the Ohio Institution. When his father was appointed Principal of the American Asylum, Mr. E. C. Stone was appointed to come here and teach. He showed faithful devotion to his class, and aided them in making progress. His disposition was that of his mother—kind and tender-hearted. After teaching here a short time, he was appointed Principal of the Wisconsin Institution. As principal he acquitted himself manfully, and was much loved by the pupils and the graduates in general.

On the death of the late Collins Stone, E. C. Stone was appointed Principal of the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, in the year 1871. His official duties gave satisfaction to every one. In his Christian life he was exemplary, and his modest and loving deportment won a large circle of friends, who this day deplore his untimely departure. How singular! Mr. Stone's father was in office over seven years, and was killed by a railroad train, December 23d, 1870, and Mr. Stone, Jr., after a brief illness, bade farewell to all here, and departed December 21st, 1878, he having been principal here almost eight years.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. W.

## A LETTER FROM T. B. BERRY.

OMRO, WIS., Dec. 20, 1870.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I desire to say to the deaf-mutes of Milwaukee, through the columns of your valuable JOURNAL, that I hope to begin regular service for their benefit in January next. The reason why I have not held any service since August last is because I was waiting for the return of Bishop Wells, from Europe, in order to obtain his sanction and co-operation. The Bishop has been so busily engaged since his return that I did not obtain a reply to my letter until last evening, in which the bishop promises to arrange for the services in January.

I recently heard a rumor of a new institution for deaf-mutes being started in this State, but it was so vague that until I learn more about it I will not venture to say more at present. Should I learn any thing further I will communicate it to you.

The JOURNAL is a regular and ever welcome weekly visitor to my household. Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS B. BERRY.

# NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

GENEVA, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I am stopping with my old friend, Mr. Nehemiah Denton, Esq., well known as the wealthy deaf-mute gentleman of Geneva, who yesterday morning met me at the station, and brought me to this, his splendidly furnished mansion, in his own coach, drawn by his two spirited bay horses. In my missionary travels, I have not met with any deaf-mute living in so fine style as he does, though I have seen a good many in very comfortable circumstances. His costly mansion faces a wide avenue, called Denton avenue in honor of him.

There is a street in Worcester, Mass., named Denny street, after Mr. Denny, a respectable deaf-mute citizen of that place. I know of but two such honors. Mr. Denton lives on a very large farm of great fertility. He has everything which he wants. He has a reservoir of his own, 30 X 30 feet, one mile and a half from this mansion, which is filled by a never-failing spring, the clear water of which reaches this house through cast-iron gas pipes. From this "building" is seen Seneca Lake, forty miles long, a beautiful expanse of water, on which steamboats ply between Geneva and Watkins, stopping at several intermediate places. Watkins is celebrated for the beautiful picturesque looks of its glen.

I met Mr. Denton, and Prof. Isaac L. Peet, of the New York Institution, in Staunton, Va., about thirty years ago, and formed their acquaintance. Mr. Denton has changed some since then, except his eyes, which have the same brilliancy. He has a deaf-mute wife, and two speaking daughters, who have both been very well married, and who have families. This mansion is, therefore, too large for him and his wife.

Last night a service for deaf-mutes and others was held in Trinity Church, by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, the rector, and "the missionary to deaf-mutes." Among the silent listeners were Mr. and Mrs. N. Denton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Krebs, and Mr. Gordon, all of Geneva; Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cuddeback, of Lyons; and Mr. William Gibbs, of Sodas.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback live in Lyons, eight miles from this place. They came yesterday afternoon, merely to attend the meeting, and after service returned home the same night in a buggy. Mr. Cuddeback is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, of great intelligence and energy, and his wife a healthy, robust woman. I am told that Mr. Cuddeback is a splendid farmer. He told me that his father intended him for the cabinet-makers' trade, but he said to him that he preferred working hard on a farm. He has pursued his choice many years.

This morning I made several pleasant calls in company with Mr. Denton. We made a short call on Mrs. Krebs. She said that she was born in Scotland, and came to America at the age of five years, and that her husband was born in Germany, and landed at New York at the age of ten years.

Mr. Gordon follows the printers' trade, and works in a good printing-office. I have met with a good many deaf-mute printers all over the country, one of whom I saw in Galveston, Tex., last May. Two of my old pupils are foremen in printing-offices in Virginia. This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Denton, Mr. Gibbs, of Sodas, and myself took tea with Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Tuttle, whose home is very pleasantly situated on Seneca Lake. We had very pleasant conversations with each other till bed-time.

Mr. Tuttle has shown me many of his artistic works, and has made a good art gallery of his house. Some of his oil paintings have won him considerable fame. He has just finished some work of which the local papers speak highly. It consists in the renovation of two portraits of the late Colonel Patton and his wife, which were so old and defaced by the ravages of time that no one could tell whom they represented. Under his skillful workmanship they have been made almost life-like, and are thought admirable likenesses of the originals. He has showed me a full length life-like portrait of his wife, which he painted from a photograph four weeks without her knowledge. She was, then, on a visit to her friends in Albany, and was, on her return home, much surprised to see the portrait hanging in the parlor. He can easily paint portraits from photographs.

His mother told me that he was three years old when he sat on her lap trying to draw on paper a picture of his father while he was smoking a pipe, and reading a book or newspaper. The pipe falling out of his mouth stopped the boy's attempt to draw him, which made him cry. He was like Mr. West, the artist.

Mr. Tuttle has a very fine talent for drawing, and he has very sharp eyes. His mother took pains to teach him many words out of Peet's Lessons Part I, which the late Dr. Peet gave her as a present. He studied under her till he was twelve years old, when she took him to the New York Institution. The late Dr. Peet complimented her very much, because he was surprised to find her son three years advanced.

Truly, I have been much pleased with my visit here. Mr. and Mrs. Denton have done what they could to make my sojourn pleasant and profitable. I shall start for Syracuse, N. Y., to-morrow morning to hold a service on Sunday afternoon.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

There are 81,241 paupers in London.

# NOTES FROM D. W. CARY.

WEBSTER, MASS., Dec. 25, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some notes of interest this afternoon.

To-day is Christmas, and this is a pleasant, but cold and windy day. I wish a merry Christmas to all the readers of your paper.

I left Portland for Boston, by boat, Friday night, December 6th, and reached there all right early in the morning, and then took a walk to the Fitchburg depot, where I was to leave for Marlboro in the evening.

About 8:30 A. M. I went to Pembroke street, Boston, to see Mr. Cornelius T. Dunham, a cousin of mine, and his family, but was disappointed in not finding them at home, for they had gone to Charleston, S. C. I made a little call upon Miss Belle Flagg, a semi-mute lady, who lives next to Mr. Dunham's, after which I went to Mr. George W. Holmes's, a deaf-mute gentleman, who was formerly clerk in the Boston post-office, and after calling on him, I went to No. 124 Chandler street, to give Miss Flora E. Barry, a niece-in-law of mine, a short call, but I was greatly disappointed in not finding her at home. She is a beautiful singer, and travels most of the time, singing. I went to the Congregational House to see if my cousin, Rev. Howard C. Dunham, was there, but I found that he had left his office for some other office in Boston.

Afterwards I called to see Mr. George A. Holmes, the late president of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, of Worcester, in the Registry of Deeds office. He looked very well. He has got a very nice situation, which he has secured for about twenty-four years. He is very lucky!

When it was about dark I started for Marlboro, where I was glad to meet my little family again, having not seen them for about three months.

Monday evening, December 9th, there was a party, consisting of several ladies and gentlemen, given in honor of my brother-in-law, Winslow B. Howe, who is a student of the Amherst (Mass.) Agricultural College, at his father's residence. A good time was had.

Some time early in December, Gardiner, Me., of which place I am a native, had a great freshet in the Kennebec River, after a heavy rain storm.

On the morning of the 16th inst. I went to Worcester, from Marlboro, by stage. My brother-in-law, Winslow B. Howe, also went to Amherst, Mass., where he is now engaged in his college studies. I found the deaf-mutes of Worcester all well and happy.

The quarterly meeting was held at the deaf-mutes' hall, in Gorham's Block, Worcester, on the evening of December 18th, but not much business was done. Mr. Kimball, the well-known Adventist in New England, was present, but did not make us Adventists.

Perhaps he was somewhat afraid of us. Rev. Albert Tyler, of the firm of Tyler & Seagrave, printers of the old Spy job office, at Worcester, says that Adventists are fools in theology, and that a Universalist in ten words can spoil Mr. Kimball's theories.

While in Worcester I was looking for steady employment in some printing office there, but without success. Business of all kinds is very dull there, but it is hoped that it may improve soon. I came to Webster, about 15 miles from Worcester, Thursday noon, the 19th inst., and at last succeeded in getting a job in the Webster Times office. I am working on two newspapers, called the Webster Times, and the Southbridge Transcript, but do not know how long I shall be kept in the office. The Webster Times is a very good newspaper, and is edited by John Cort every Saturday morning. This paper is twenty years old, and is about as large as the JOURNAL.

Webster is a pretty large town, and contains about 6,000 inhabitants. It has quite a number of business stores, several churches, and many fine residences, and is considered a smart place. There are two or three deaf-mutes living in this town. Mr. Eugene E. Wood, a semi-mute gentleman, used to live in this town, and moved to Indiana long ago. I was informed that his father died a month ago. He has my deep sympathy in his affliction.

The Boston Herald of December 16th has the following article: "E. W. Frisbee, deaf and dumb, a member of the Association Gymnasium, and an aspirant for the amateur champion belt, Saturday evening, walked ten miles, at the gymnasium, in 1 hour, 30 minutes and 45 seconds." He is an old schoolmate of mine. He was once a member of the National Deaf-Mute College. He is a young man of intelligence, and wears a pleasant countenance.

Mr. A. M. Norcross, a deaf-mute compositor in the Aurora office at Norwich, Conn., is rejoicing over an addition to his family, and says he is "thankful to God that it is a boy." I used to be with him and his wife at school in Hartford.

A book, being the life of "Laura Bridgman," the deaf, dumb, and blind girl of Boston, is full of interest, and must be a valuable one to have. Miss Bridgman's reputation is world-wide, and she is a wonderful woman. The price of the book is \$2. The book has 373 pages, and is bound in neat cloth. The three different colors of the cloth are dark, brown, and green. If any of the deaf-mutes of this country want to purchase a copy of "Laura Bridgman," they will please send me two dollars in advance, and I will send a copy immediately. They will please direct to Daniel W. Cary, Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, Worcester, Mass.

I think some of writing a history of the deaf-mute printers of the New En-

gland, Middle, Western, and Southern States, so as to publish it some time for my own benefit. Will they please send me brief sketches as soon as convenient? I want the time and place of birth; the whole name; the cause of deafness, and how old; where educated and how long at school; where he or she learned the printers' trade, and how long they served, what kind of work, book or newspaper; if not printers now, what is their present occupation; the time of marriage; or if unmarried. Let the brother printers please be sure and encourage me by sending me their brief sketches.

Last Monday noon I was very much shocked to hear of the death of Edward Collins Stone, who died Saturday night, in Hartford. He was once my teacher at the American Asylum. What a great loss to the asylum! His folks have my deep sympathy in their affliction.

Saturday night, the 21st inst., I went to Worcester, from this town, to be gone till Monday morning. When I got ready to leave the former city for here, at 7 o'clock, I got left, for the train had gone at 6:15 A. M., so I had to stay in the depot and wait for the ten o'clock train.

While I was in Marlboro, a short time ago, I showed the JOURNAL to Mr. Stillman Pratt, editor of the Marlboro Mirror-Journal, and he, examining the former paper thoroughly, said that it was a very interesting paper indeed. I assure you that your paper is wonderfully improving, for almost every deaf-mute speaks very highly of it. I wish it to continue prosperous.

Yours truly,

DANIEL W. CARY.

## PHILADELPHIA NEWS.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having promised at previous times to keep up a regular occasional correspondence for your valuable and interesting paper from the "City of Brotherly Love," as it is a well-known fact that no one has as yet afforded his service liberally to spare any leisure time in writing up a regular correspondence of all the news transpiring here, the interest and importance of which the mute community here, as well as everywhere, appreciate, I shall now avail myself of this favorable opportunity to fulfill my long-made promise to you. It is only now and then that correspondence from this city makes its appearance in your paper, and that usually from different correspondents and at different times. Now, as far as it shall be practicable, it will come from a regular correspondent, who will always endeavor to make it his aim to gather up all the news and other information that may come to his knowledge or observation, from reliable and trustworthy sources only, so that impartial and honest justice may be done to all parties whenever necessity may involve the mention of their names and cases. But it is to be understood that I do not aim at any intentional exclusion of any other correspondents who may wish to write for your paper from here. So, now, let your correspondent proceed to give you this summary of news for publication in your paper, as a true and perfect knowledge of the same will allow him to pen it here.

At a regular meeting of the Clero Literary Association, the former name of which was the Literary Association of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Mission, but was afterwards changed to that of the above in memory of the veteran associate of deaf-mute education in this country (Laurent Clerc), held on Thursday evening, September 26th, the following gentlemen were duly installed in their respective places as officers of that association for the ensuing year: President, John D. Ziegler; First Vice-President, Joseph A. Roop; Second Vice-President, George W. Campbell; Secretary, Wm. Ellwood Guss; Treasurer, Martin C. Fortescue; Trustees, William McKinney, William R. Cullingworth, and John Schack; Auditors, Henry S. Stevenson, and Daniel Paul; Chaplain, Rev. Henry Winter Syle. The retiring officers, in the regular order as above given, were Messrs. Guss, Ziegler, McKinney, Fortescue, Sipple. The changes made in the trustees were David D. Fogg and Joseph Tindall. The former had to resign an account of his removal to Swedesboro, N. J., the latter owing to the expiration of the term of his office.

At the meeting of the association, the management of the affairs of that body are now being more wisely administered than at any time heretofore, and much of the association's prosperity and welfare, both financially and intellectually, is due to the indefatigable energy and perseverance of its officers, especially to our worthy pastor, Rev. H. W. Syle, who is an active member of the same. But, owing to the continued hard times, it has prevented a good many mutes, especially the young men, from being able to become members, as its constitution and by-laws require a certain amount of money in initiation fees and quarterly dues from every new and old member, in order to pay its expenses. So, ever since then its membership has been an average one; but, at its next business meeting, in January, we are very sanguine that we shall have a large increase in our membership. For the information of any strange deaf-mutes, or any persons taking an interest in that body, who may have occasion to visit our city either on business or pleasure, I shall here mention that our association meets at 8 o'clock every Thursday evening of each month, from September to June, and the balance of the season it remains closed. The first Thursday evening in the month, except the time from the latter part of

June to the early part of September, we hold our business meetings, to which none are admitted except male visitors when accompanied by a member. The other Thursday evenings are set apart for social and religious gatherings, to which all are always welcomed, and at which instructive and entertaining lectures, recitations, etc., are always delivered, either by teachers from the institution, or by some hearing gentleman when they are especially engaged at intervals, and whose lectures are usually interpreted for us through the kindness of some one of the teachers, and often by the members themselves. Strangers are always welcomed to those meetings, which are held in the rooms of our association, in the chapel in the rear of St. Stephen's (Episcopal) Church, on Tenth street, above Chestnut street, a place as well known to the mute community abroad as St. Ann's Church in New York city is to us; and it is where we have religious services every Sunday afternoon at 2:30, Rev. H. W. Syle officiating for us. That church has lately been thoroughly repaired, enlarged, and artistically ornamented internally, so that it is now one of the most beautiful churches in the city.

## A COURSE OF LECTURES.

The association has also shown excellent judgment in providing a course of lectures, whose object will be to combine pecuniary profit for its funds, as soon as special engagements with some well-known gentlemen to lecture for us gratuitously can be arranged, with mental improvement for the deaf-mutes. Three courses have already been delivered by teachers from the institution and were well attended.

On Thursday evening, October 31st, Prof. Thomas Burnside opened the course with an able and comprehensive lecture on the "Mind," the power and wonder of which he fully illustrated with a good many narratives now known in history. His lecture was highly spoken of by his audience, who, at its conclusion, tendered him a vote of thanks.

The second lecture was delivered on Thursday evening, November 14th, by Professor Cronter, his subject being a biographical sketch of King Henry VIII and his six Queens. All who listened to that lecture admitted that it was a rich treat in store for them, as Professor Cronter so graphically set before them the heartless consciousness, wickedness, and faithlessness of that much-married king, in all his matrimonial relations, and the method by which he got rid of those he disliked, and the true and faithful affection and love of his first wife, the cunning, sagacity in her management of him, and the immense power of her influence over him by his last wife, and the worthlessness, and frail affections of the others. His abilities as a lecturer, on any subject, to interest and instruct the deaf and dumb, was fully appreciated by his attentive audience. At the conclusion of his lecture he received a hearty vote of thanks.

On Thursday evening, December 12th, the third course was opened by Professor Jacob D. Kirkhuff, who lectured on the celebrated French noble lady Charlotte Corday, who, for the good of her country, planned and perpetrated the assassination of the blood-thirsty tyrant of her down-trodden country people, during the darkest days of the French Revolution, Marat, the co-conspirator of Robespierre and Damon, in these terrible crimes, while he was alone, indulging in his bath, and for which crime she was tried and convicted to be guillotined. Professor Kirkhuff deserved congratulations for the selection of such an appropriate subject as that above, for it was one best calculated to entertain and instruct the mental intellect of his audience, who heartily acknowledged the appreciation of the same by a unanimous vote of thanks tendered him.

The succeeding lectures, as far as arrangements have been perfected for the delivery of the same, will be by different teachers from the institution, and are to be delivered once or twice during the season of 1878, and perhaps oftener, whenever special engagements can be made with some well-known gentlemen to lecture for the benefit of our funds.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, having occasion to pay this city a visit on some business, on Thursday, November 21st, the evening on which the Epiphany Guild held its usual monthly meeting, at the invitation of Rev. Henry W. Syle, its chairman, opened the same with prayer, and, after having addressed the congregation on a few general topics of the day, and on the progress of missionary work, now making gradual strides throughout the country for the improvement of the spiritual and moral well-being of the deaf and dumb, he branched off on an instructive subject concerning real growth, a subject he treated in such a masterly and impressive manner as to leave his audience no room for doubt of the sincerity and proof of his arguments. It gave out many timely suggestions for all to understand and digest upon.

It was a subject that I wished I could produce here for the benefit of your numerous readers, but I am afraid that it is beyond the power of my poor intellect to do it ample and full justice if I should attempt the task. We all always appreciate Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's lectures, and expect that he will have the goodness to repeat more for us before long.

On Thursday evening last, at the monthly meeting of the Epiphany Guild, Rev. Henry W. Syle entertained his audience with an able lecture on temperance, during which he dwelt especially on the terrible and soul-destroying effects of intemperance, in consequence of which he said that the world is to-day spending millions of

dollars for strong, and intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and which is bringing an untold amount of misery, poverty, and suffering upon mankind. Some of the gentlemen present, at Rev. Mr. Syle's request, recited stories of the awful consequences of using intoxicating drinks habitually as a beverage.

## AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The feature at the last stated business meeting of the Clero Literary Association, held on Thursday evening, December 5th, was the unanimous passage of a resolution commissioning John Carlin, Esq., of New York city, to paint an oil portrait of the lamented Joseph O. Pyatt, as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which his fellow-members held him for the remembrance of the many invaluable and generous services which he rendered to the association from the commencement of its organization up to the time of his death. Mr. Guss, who introduced that resolution, should now have the satisfaction of seeing the object of his desire realized soon. Too much praise could not be given to Prof. Thomas J. Trist for the able manner in which he rendered his influence in advocacy of that worthy resolution. Its passage was, however, much embarrassed by discussions as to the best way to obtain pecuniary means to pay for the portrait, as the association was bound by a former resolution that all the funds it had on hand should be devoted towards the special purpose of building a church for the deaf-mutes in this city and its vicinity. At last it was decided, without opposition, that the money to pay for the same should be raised by subscriptions, under the auspices of a special committee of three, to be selected by the chairman, and that the committee, besides having authority to solicit and collect the subscriptions, shall conduct all the business belonging thereto. President Zeigler has, accordingly, appointed the following gentlemen to serve on that committee: Prof. Thomas J. Trist, Messrs. Wm. R. Cullingworth, and Martin C. Fortescue. Any deaf-mutes, graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, or any persons who respected and valued the friendship of Professor Pyatt while he was living, and cherish his memory when he is dead, who are willing to contribute some pecuniary aid towards that object, may remit their subscriptions to Prof. Thomas J. Trist, care of Joshua Fortescue, Deaf-Mute Institution, and, on receipt of the same, it will be thankfully acknowledged and placed to their credit by that committee. The price for the portrait is not to exceed one hundred dollars. The frame is not included, but will be provided for in some other way. It will match in size those we already have of Gallaudet, Clerc, and Weld, all painted by Mr. Carlin. It is expected that the portrait will be finished in a month or so, and will find a permanent place on the walls of the reception-room in the institution, with the rest of his worthy advocates in the cause of deaf-mute education.

## TICKETS OF LEAVE SYSTEM INAUGURATED.

The pupils, whenever they wished to take a stroll about the city either on pleasure or for shopping on their Saturday holidays, were allowed to do so with the consent of either the superintendent or the matron, but now a new rule has recently been put in force which requires of each pupil to first obtain a ticket from the superintendent, with his number written on the same, which is then checked when he or she goes out; and it also requires each holder to be back to the institution at 5 o'clock P. M. punctually. On their return the tickets are taken up at the door and deposited in a closed box, with an open slit at its top. At the end of that hour the box is removed and the tickets taken out to be examined, and they tell the tales on those who shall absent themselves beyond the allotted time, for which they are held to account. Those who wish to spend the day and Sunday with their relatives or friends are given tickets of a different color, but are required to observe the same regulation, and are submitted to answer for the same if later than the time allowed them, on their return on Sunday afternoon. At present I can't say how that rule is working, but was informed that the boys do not seem to take kindly to what they consider a too strict discipline on their liberty.

## COLLEGIATES COMING.

We are anticipating the pleasure of a company of students from the deaf-mute college, at Washington, to do honors to our deaf-mute community and the city during the holidays next week. Let them come, and we shall endeavor to make their visit as pleasant as we know how to do.

Before this lengthy correspondence makes its appearance in the next issue of your paper, another Christmas will be upon us all; so the best thing I can do, to close the same with, will be to say that I wish you, Mr. Editor, and all of your numerous readers, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

As far as your correspondent could ascertain, the health of the faculty and pupils is continuing good. Prof. Joshua Foster, its valuable principal, who was prostrated by a severe cold and was compelled to take to his bed for several weeks, is, I am glad to say, fast convalescing, and is able to move about again; but it may be some time yet before he will be fully able to attend to the laborious duties of his office. I think the Board of Directors will take it into consideration to grant Mr. Foster a leave of absence for a few months, so that he may have time to recruit his shattered health before he resumes the duties of his office.

Mr. Joseph A. Roop, who had been one of the supervisors in the boys' department for about two years, voluntarily tendered his resignation of that position December 22d, in accordance with a notice from the Board of Directors that the services of one of the two supervisors must be dispensed with after that date in order to retrench the expenditures of the institution, thus leaving, in the hands of Daniel Paul, the remaining supervisor, the entire supervision over about 200 boys, which duty will inflict upon him a more laborious and irksome task. I don't consider such a change a wise and prudent one on the part of the Board when the former experience with only one supervisor to exercise management over so many boys did convince them to the contrary, after accommodations were provided for the admission of so large an addition of new pupils within the last three years. It is enough to convince any right-thinking person of false economy on their part. If I am mistaken concerning that matter, I shall be willing to take the responsibility of the same. Let time work out the way how the change will proceed, after a trial, but not till then will I be convinced that the change was for the best interest of the institution.

Mr. Roop was always an attentive and trustworthy supervisor, active and punctual in the discharge of his duties, civil, polite, and courteous to all who had intercourse with him, and was firm and strict, yet kind in the discipline required of him in his charge of the boys. So they, from the principal down to the dullest pupil, had to part with him with much sorrow. Since his departure from the institution he has been fortunate enough to obtain a situation in a large cotton and woolen factory, where he is trying to learn the mysterious art of weaving. When I last saw him he informed me that he was making as good progress at it as possibly could be, considering his being a new hand at that occupation.

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I understand that after the first of January next the day for holding the usual weekly exhibition will be changed to every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, instead of every Thursday afternoon as heretofore, so as to make an alteration in the usual Saturday's intermission from school, on the part of the girls, who will hereafter have every Thursday as their holiday, while the boys will have, as heretofore, every Saturday as their own. That alteration of days was made necessary to prevent the boys and girls from incidental or pre-intended meetings with each other while they are outside of the limits of the institution, as it has been so often their custom to have clandestine conversations with each other in various parts of the city. On those Saturdays the teachers and their female pupils will have their school-hours prolonged, so as to make up for the time they are to be exempted from on Thursdays. Teaching school on Saturdays will, no doubt, be very distasteful to the teachers, and the change an irksome one for their pupils, as the force of custom has usually made that day their holiday, with the exception of a short school session in the forenoon. I understand that the proposition of the alternative has received the approbation of the Board of Directors, as submitted to them by the principal, and will be carried into effect after the first of January. There also has just been added a tablet of rules and regulations, to be observed by the officers and pupils in the discharge of their respective duties.

## TICKETS OF LEAVE SYSTEM INAUGURATED.

The pupils, whenever they wished to take a stroll about the city either on pleasure or for shopping on their Saturday holidays, were allowed to do so with the consent of either the superintendent or the matron, but now a new rule has recently been put in force which requires of each pupil to first obtain a ticket from the superintendent, with his number written on the same, which is then checked when he or she goes out; and it also requires each holder to be back to the institution at 5 o'clock P. M. punctually. On their return the tickets are taken up at the door and deposited in a closed box, with an open slit at its top. At the end of that hour the box is removed and the tickets taken out to be examined, and they tell the tales on those who shall absent themselves beyond the allotted time, for which they are held to account. Those who wish to spend the day and Sunday with their relatives or friends are given tickets of a different color, but are required to observe the same regulation, and are submitted to answer for the same if later than the time allowed them, on their return on Sunday afternoon. At present I can't say how that rule is working, but was informed that the boys do not seem to take kindly to what they consider a too strict discipline on their liberty.

## COLLEGIATES COMING.

We are anticipating the pleasure of a company of students from the deaf-mute college, at Washington, to do honors to our deaf-mute community and the city during the holidays next week. Let them come, and we shall endeavor to make their visit as pleasant as we know how to do.

Before this lengthy correspondence makes its appearance in the next issue of your paper, another Christmas will be upon us all; so the best thing I can do, to close the same with, will be to say that I wish you, Mr. Editor, and all of your numerous readers, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

## OCCASIONAL.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 21, 1878.

## A LETTER FROM MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISS., Dec. 19, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I live near Carthage, Lenke county, Miss., about 16 miles from my home, to see Henry H. Myers. He is a deaf-mute. But he was not at home, for he had gone to ask some men to help him to put up a log-house. I waited at the mill with his father. He had cut eighteen large logs himself. Some men came to the place and helped him put up his new house on the 21st of last November. He has a good horse and forty acres of land. He has no wife. He says when he has cattle, hogs, and chickens he will marry. His father gave the forty acres to him. He gave some dresses, shoes, &c., to his mother and sisters. He says he is against whiskey drinking. He does not want to be a beggar. He loves to work on his place. He was at school here for four years. Prof. L. W. Saunders taught him. Mr. Myers was fond of him. He was looking well and strong when I saw him. I came to school a week ago. I am a pupil in Prof. John W. Scott's class. Our school opened on the 11th of December. There are only about twenty pupils here yet, but more are coming every day. Yours respectfully,

W. J. GRAHAM.

## Late News From California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 21, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, a former teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, paid us a visit, and he said he likes to see our beautiful views on the hill. He preaches in the First Congregational Church.

Mrs. Pigott, a deaf and dumb sister of A. Coolidge, of Benston, can talk with her fingers to us. She is sewing on shirts, for sale, every day and evening. She lives near our house.

Rev. Mr. Ijams, a former teacher in the Iowa Institution for Deaf-Mutes, preaches in the



